

After three weeks of untiring and arduous labours, Father Vincent, accompanied by his Lordship the Bishop, entered St Patrick's Cathedral on Sunday evening, there to devote one more week to the noble work he has in hand. Coming, as he did, straight down from Ponsonby, one looked in vain for any sign of fatigue or weariness in the fine countenance of the reverend Passionist, for he immediately entered the pulpit and gave out the Rosary, after which he briefly explained the objects of the mission, the routine of the week, etc. The choir then sang the "Magnificat" and the following hymn, and Father Vincent once more ascended the pulpit and delivered a magnificent discourse, taking for his text "What doth it profit a man if he gains the whole world and lose his own soul." Father Vincent is a splendid pulpit orator, possessing the ability of conveying to his auditors the piety and fervour with which he is himself endowed. At the conclusion of the ceremony Mr John Fuller, the popular tenor, for the first time sang at St Patrick's, rendering with great spirit and power the "Cujus Animam." Mr Fuller has a voice which he knows how to use. Miss Coleta Lorrigan and Mr Fuller also sang the duet "Bone Pastor" (Opocci), the voices blending beautifully. Whatever Miss Lorrigan undertakes to do she does well, and in this duet she fairly excelled herself, although this was the first time Miss Lorrigan and Mr Fuller sang together, yet there was perceptible to the musician that sympathy and feeling without which their vocal efforts would be expended in vain Mr P. F. Hiscocks ably conducted the choir, and Mr Hartwell presided at the organ. There was a tremendous throng at this service, every available seat being occupied, and seats had to be procured from St Patrick's Hall and placed in the aisles. These were instantly filled, and numbers had to go away. Father Vincent next proceeds to the Thames, after which he will visit Onehunga, giving missions at each place.

Father McCormick arrived here this week from Australia to take up his duties in this diocese.

A series of anonymous letters dealing with education from a Catholic standpoint have been appearing in the *Evening Star*, the great champion in Auckland of the present secular system, signed "Historicus." They are very ably written, so ably indeed that the editor in order to counteract their influence devoted a leader to them in reply. "Historicus" took a bad fall out of the editor over the English educational system. "Historicus" is deserving of the warmest thanks of both priests and people.

In consequence of the mission in and around the City the Auckland Catholic Literary Society has adjourned for three weeks. For a like reason the Irish Federation has adjourned for two weeks.

Dr Egan still carries on his popular fortnightly entertainments in Newton, at which Mr William Wiggins, formerly of Dunedin, renders very valuable assistance, the sultry northern climate in no way affecting the nimbleness of his feet and legs behind the footlights.

The Hon Mr Mitchelson in his peregrinations through the Eden electorate is making some very damaging statements against the Government. The Colonial debt, he declared, had been increased during the last two and a-half years by £1,070,000. From March, 1891, to March, 1893, there had been paid to the credit of the public works fund the sum of £1,712,122. Of this enormous sum only £450,000 was contributed out of revenue, £200,000 of which was paid into the public works fund during last year. The balance, therefore, of the public works fund, less £450,000, that is £1,262,122, is drawn from loan money and the seizing of sinking funds, the latter procedure against the express wish of the present Agent-general, Messrs Seddon and Co, a very serious obligation is here imposed upon you to refute these statements.

At the last meeting of the local branch of the Irish National Federation feeling references were made to the late Marshall McMahon, Duke of Magenta, a soldier and a statesman of world-wide renown, and whose proud boast it ever was to lay claim to the land of his ancestors. A warm letter of condolence from the branch to the Duchess of Magenta is to be forwarded by the Frisco mail leaving this week. I may, probably, forward to the TABLET next week a translation of the letter.

Steps were taken this week to convey the old church of St Francis de Sales in Newton across the water to Devonport, where it is to be erected and thoroughly renovated. I congratulate our Catholic brethren of Devonport for their assisting in this matter. How well do I remember the opening and consecration of this Church in Newton in the sixties by the late beloved Archdeacon Pompellier. Catholicity has grown and expanded in this city since that time.

The electoral battle has begun. Sir George Grey holds afternoon *tete-a-tete* with the ladies of Parnell. Last Thursday afternoon at Mount Eden he fairly astonished them by proposing the abolition of the present Legislative Council, and substituting therefore an Upper Chamber composed of ladies. All the eloquence and platform artifice of which Sir George is a past-master, will fail to carry this old fad. Is the pro-Consul rivaling the "king of faddists" ?

The education question came in for a very small recognition by Sir George Grey at the above meeting. He said: "There might be some kind of injustice, which was, perhaps, somewhat exaggerated,

yet required amendment to a certain extent." Here the wily old knight betrays a full knowledge of the injustice which he artfully describes as of "some kind," and "somewhat exaggerated yet required amendment." Why does he not speak out fearlessly and right the injustice. A word from him in this direction would do much. He is afraid to risk his popularity by attacking this fetish. Why is the great Cato silent now?

Mr M. Nolan's interview published in the TABLET of 20th inst. is attracting very great attention here, and rightly so too, for we have here the whole thing in a nutshell. On Mr Nolan's showing there is no more plundering and blundering an education system extant than ours. Mr Nolan has struck the right path towards amending, not injuring, this system by his able financial review of it. "Touch John Bull's pocket, and you touch his heart," 'tis said, and this applies with equal force to his progeny in the South Seas. Well done, Mr Nolan, keep on this line and you'll succeed there is no doubt of it.

A copy of the London *Times* of October 2nd, 1798, detailing Nelson's victory on the Nile, is now on exhibition in a shop window in Hobson street. Valuable relic this.

A strange and remarkable fatality in a certain family in this city has been brought under my notice. The family originally consisted of eight members. Fourteen years ago the father, for mercenary motives, abjured the Catholic faith. In quick succession his whole family were taken from him, the last of whom died about a month ago in a tragic manner. The father now apostatises in solitude.

Consternation was caused at the Anglican diocesan meeting here last week by one of the parsons stating that "one of the cloth" was obliged, in one of the country parishes, to supplement his income by digging gum. This is *infra dig* for a disciple of Cranmer. Just fancy, a reverend digging and scraping gum. *O tempora! O mores!*

WAS IT A GHOST THEY SAW.

Mrs H. H. JENNINGS lives at No 211, Main street, Bridgeport, and Miss Minnie Parrot boards with her. The house is an old one, but in good order. One night early in December (1891) the two women locked all the doors and went to the theatre, leaving not a soul in the house. They left the gas burning, however, in the front parlour. At about half-past eleven they returned, and entered the house laughing and talking. But as they went into the parlour the merry humour died out of them in a second. Right in the middle of the room stood a dark man of gigantic stature. The upper part of his face was concealed by a mask, his eyes gleaming through the eye-holes in it. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, and in one hand he carried a long, old-fashioned pistol. The women fled screaming from the room, and when Mr Jennings came in five minutes later he found no one in the parlour and all the doors and windows securely locked. What was it the women saw?

"During a recent period of ill health," writes an American friend, "I had slept badly for several successive nights. On the fourth of these nights about two o'clock, I was suddenly aroused from a doze by what seemed like the calling of my name; and at the foot of the bed stood the image of my mother just as she looked five years before, as she was leaving home to go on a journey, on which journey she was killed in a railway disaster. I screamed and fainted. I was foolish enough to tell of it, and the local old women gossips said it was a summons and I would never get well. Yet I did, and am in perfect health now. I believe that vision came of my weak nerves, for I've never seen it since, and it's more three years ago now."

No doubt it was the nerves. Why, there's no end to the tricks the nerves will play off on you when your system is out of condition. In March, 1890, it was, that Mrs Jane Foster, of Darracott Road, Pokesdown, Hants, wrote us as follows:—"I was so dreadfully nervous I could not bear anyone in the room with me, yet I did not wish them far away in case I should call out for help. This was in June, 1889. I slept very badly, and in the morning felt little the better for having gone to bed. There was often a severe pain in my head and over my eyes, and I was sick most of the time. My skin was dry and yellow, and the stomach and bowels felt cold and dead. By-and-bye I had to lie helpless in bed. The doctor said he didn't know what my complaint was. I took nothing but liquid food, and could not retain even that on my stomach. By this time I was nothing but skin and bone. My memory completely failed. My head ached so dreadfully I thought I should lose my senses, and my friends agreed that I would never get better.

"I had given up all hope, when one day Mrs West, of Bourne-mouth, called and asked what I was taking. She told me she was herself once just as badly off, and was cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. As she seemed to have so much faith in this medicine I tried it, and in three days I was able to walk across the room, and by the end of the week I went downstairs. Now I am as well as ever. I can eat and digest my food, and all my nervousness has left me."

The malady Mrs Foster suffered from was indigestion and dyspepsia and nervous prostration. The original cause was grief and shock at the violent death of her husband, by accident, and the system rallied only when the Syrup had given new vigour to the digestion and thus fed and toned the nerves.

Whatever may be your opinion of the Bridgeport ghost, it remains true that most uncanny visions and sounds mean nothing more or less than a set of nerves all upset by indigestion and dyspepsia. Ghosts come from the inside of the person who sees them, and when Mother Seigel's Syrup does its work the eyes and ears entertain only what is natural and wholesome.